



Ex-CBI Roundup

— CHINA — BURMA — INDIA —

MAY
1969





GONDOLA at Vail, Colo., carries visitors to an altitude of 10,150 feet to Mid-Vail Restaurant. The Gore Range is in the background for Vail golf course shown below. This is where the 1969 CBIVA reunion will be held August 6, 7, 8 and 9.

EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA

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Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly except AUGUST and SEPTEMBER at 117 South Third Street, Laurens, Iowa, by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theater during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

Neil L. Maurer Editor

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Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● **Cover picture**, from the U.S. Air Force, shows the Kalewa Grub pontoon bridge crossing the Chindwin River west of Shwebo. It was 1,154 feet long, one of the largest in the world, and took 2½ days to finish. It was built by East African troops who were supplied entirely from the air by "Biscuit Bombers" of the USAAF First Combat Cargo Group operating out of Tuliha, Assam. Drop zone is across river, behind trees at left of bridge.

● **As a former member** of the 14th Air Force in China, your editor is pleased to note that the number 14 is still very much alive. The original 14th finished its work in World War II, but the 14th later became one of the numbered Air Forces of the ADC, with headquarters at Gunter AFB. Then its duties were taken over by other organizations, and since that time the 9th Aerospace Defense Division was redesignated as the Fourteenth Aerospace Force with headquarters at Ent AFB, Colorado. Mission of the new 14th is to detect, track and maintain surveillance of all man-made objects in space. So the Flying Tigers live on!

● **The port of Calcutta**, India's commercial capital and chief outlet to the world, is involved in a race against time. Engineers are attempting to divert the river Ganges with the world's biggest barrier in order to save the port from silt-strangulation. Some 20,000 workers are now working on the project which is expected to flush out the silt-clogged tributary of the sacred Ganges on which Calcutta stands. If it works, fine; if not, Calcutta is finished as a port.

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India and China

● Arrived in India with the 730th Signal Aircraft Warning Battalion and spent some time at Kanchrapara before going on to Luliang and Luichow, China. When I left the theater, I was sergeant major of Replacement Depot No. 3 at Kanchrapara.

GLENN W. SCHMIDT,
Chicago, Ill.

1st Ferrying Group

● Was interested in the history of the 6th Squadron, 1st Ferrying Group by Joseph N. Mackrell Jr. in the March issue. I was a member of the 6th from its inception; sure brought back memories. Joe was a radio operator and flew a few flights over the Hump with me.

HOWARD CLAGER,
Dayton, Ohio



CUSTOMARY greeting of two men at Mohammedan festival near Margharita, Assam—both cheeks, instead of our handshake. Photo by Dorothea Malchow Dent.



SMALL PYTHON and mongoose in death battle at Karachi in 1945. Photo from John A. Simmerl.

Gen. Willard G. Wyman

● Retired Army Gen. Willard G. Wyman, 71, who served in both World Wars and in Korea, died March 29, 1969, at Walter Reed Army Medical Center, Washington, D.C. Wyman, a 1918 graduate of West Point, had served in artillery, cavalry, intelligence, and a number of command posts up to his retirement in July 1958. During 1929-31 he was a language student in Peking and a photographer with the Central Asiatic Expedition into Mongolia led by the famed explorer, Roy Chapman Andrews. He served with the 19th Route Army during the defense of Shanghai against the Japanese in 1932. In the early part of World War II he served with the Chinese Fifth Army under General Joseph W. Stilwell, then became assistant chief of staff of the China-Burma-India Theater. He later joined the North African campaign, then served in Europe through V-E Day. He was commanding general of the 9th Corps in Korea, and later commanded NATO Allied Forces in Europe. At the time of his retirement he headed the Continental Army Command.

(From newspaper articles submitted by several Roundup readers.)

New Ambassador

● Kenneth B. Keating, 68, former New York Congressman and Senator who has been appointed by President Nixon as Ambassador to India, served in India during World War II as an Army colonel. He served from 1943 to 1946 under Lt. Gen. Raymond A. Wheeler, deputy supreme commander of the Southeast Asia Command. The New Delhi post, in which he succeeds Chester Bowles, is considered one of the most important

diplomatic assignments. Keating served 12 years in the House of Representatives before his election to the Senate in 1958. Robert F. Kennedy defeated him for reelection in 1964. In 1965 Keating was counsel to the New York law firm of Royall, Koegel and Rogers. One of the partners was William P. Rogers, now secretary of state. Keating was elected as associate judge of the State Court of Appeals in 1965. He reaches the state's mandatory retirement age of 70 in May 1970, and would have to leave the bench at the end of that year. Bowles has been ambassador to India since April 1963. He served a previous tour as ambassador to India and Nepal from 1951 to 1953.

(From a Rochester, N.Y., Times Union article submitted by E. J. Bernard, Rochester, N.Y.)

Keep It Coming

● Keep that grand magazine coming—it's great! Looking forward to Vail in August.

GEORGE RUSH,
Fair Lawn, N.J.



COUPLING CREW of 779th E.P.D. Company bends pipe to fit during pipeline construction near Mangshih. Photo from Mrs. Wilfred Hibbert.



CARGO cart, donkey powered, at Karachi in 1945. Photo from John A. Simmerl.

Rev. J. J. Carroll

● The Rev. Joseph J. Carroll, 62, pastor of the Assumption Blessed Virgin Mary Church in Feasterville, Pa., and a former Army chaplain who spent three years in the China-Burma-India Theater during World War II, died in February. He attended West Philadelphia High School, completed four years at St. Charles Seminary in Overbrook, and in 1929 was sent to Rome to study at the North American College. He was ordained in 1934. Father Carroll is survived by his mother, a sister and two brothers.

(From newspaper clippings submitted by several readers).

Not Missing

● Just received your April edition of Roundup; was surprised to read article on page 4. John Z. Dawson and his six brothers served in every branch of service. Fortunately we all came back. I'm here in Detroit, and not among the missing. I do not belong to any other organization but the CBI. Mickey and I will try to attend the next possible reunion. Regards to all the vets.

JOHN Z. DAWSON,
Detroit, Mich.

Col. Lee V. Harris

● A career soldier and combat veteran of two wars, Col. Lee V. Harris, died March 27, 1969, in San Francisco, Calif. He was the first military attache to China and later a military attache to French Indo China. During World War II he served with the 1st Chinese-American Provisional Tank Group. Following the war he was assigned to the Marshall Plan headquarters in Manchuria. After his retirement from the U.S. Army he served as volunteer director of the Plus 40 Organization, finding jobs for men in that age group. He was also an adviser to

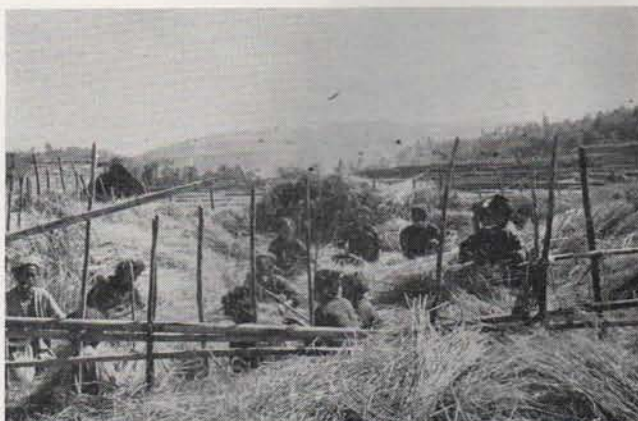
the Stanford University Department on Far East Affairs. He was a past commander of the George W. Sliney Basha, CBIVA, and his social affiliations included the San Francisco Commonwealth Club and the China Tiffan Club. Survivors include his wife, a daughter, a sister and four grandchildren. Services were at Chapel of Our Lady Presidio of San Francisco, and interment was in Arlington National Cemetery, Arlington, Va.

RAY KIRKPATRICK,
San Francisco, Calif.

Maj. Gen. T. J. Hanley

● Maj. Gen. Thomas J. Hanley Jr., 75, a West Point classmate of Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower and former World War II Air Corps commander of the China-Burma-India Theater, died March 9, 1969. He retired from the Air Force in 1952. Prior to commanding the flying forces in CBI, Hanley served as commanding general of the Eastern Flying Training Command in World War II. He was buried at Arlington National Cemetery. Survivors include his wife, Cecelia, of Boca Raton, Fla.; two sons, a daughter and two sisters.

(From a Tampa, Fla., Tribune clipping submitted by Carroll Bechtel, Crystal River, Fla.).



NATIVES harvesting rice in Hosphi Valley of Burma in 1944. Photo from John A. Simmerl.

Action on the Chinese Mainland

What's happening on the Chinese mainland? Sometimes it's difficult to find out, but sources in Taipei are keeping in touch with the situation and occasionally release information of interest. Here are recent news reports received by Ex-CBI Roundup from the Chinese Information Service, dealing with underground work being done behind the Bamboo Curtain.

* * *

TAIPEI, April 1 (CIS)—Yeh Hsiang-chih, director of the second section of the Kuomintang Central Committee in charge of intelligence, declared yesterday that the underground work performed by his men behind the Bamboo Curtain is a driving force behind the turbulent situation in Red China.

The present turmoil on the Chinese mainland, the internal strife and the open split of the Chinese Communists, he pointed out, are a result, directly or indirectly, of the work performed by our men active behind the enemy lines.

Yeh, who is an expert on Chinese Communist affairs, said the turmoil on the Chinese mainland has reached a point of no return.

"The situation has developed into a point where stability will never be restored, armed clashes will not be stopped and split will not be replaced by unity," he said.

In his report on "The Struggle and Sacrifices of Our Comrades Behind the Enemy Lines During the Past Five Years" at the fifth session of the Tenth National Congress of the Kuomintang, Yeh gave a detailed account of the work done by intelligence workers behind the Bamboo Curtain.

He divided the development of the situation on the Chinese mainland into two stages since the closing of Eighth KMT Congress in 1963.

In the first stage, from January 1964 to April 1966, the internal strife of the Mao regime was fermenting. In the second stage, from May 1966 up to the present, Mao and his followers have been waging a desperate struggle to avert their doomed fate.

Yeh, who is concurrently director of the Intelligence Bureau of the Ministry of National Defense, briefed the delegates to the party congress on the actual work done by KMT workers on the Chinese mainland in the fields of guerrilla warfare, organization, intelligence, and political warfare.

"The brilliant performance of our men has compelled the Chinese Communists to admit openly that the turmoil on the mainland is caused by Kuomintang subversive activities and that the Great Cultural Revolution is an extension of the struggle between the Chinese Communist Party and the Kuomintang," Yeh said.

He said "several hundred" of KMT agents have lost their lives on the Chinese mainland during the past five years. In addition, "Several thousand" are under arrest.

"We should pay tribute to all those who dedicated themselves to our party and cause," he said.

After he finished his report, all the 1,200 delegates and observers attending the session stood up to pay respect to comrades active behind the Bamboo Curtain.

Four delegates, coming from Kwangsi, Hopei, Hupeh and Yunnan, made reports on the anti-Communist struggle in these provinces.

They are Chang Hsing-hsieh, Kiang Mei, Hsu Chih-teh and Ma Jui-lu.

* * *

TAIPEI, April 5 (CIS)—The 10th National Congress of the Kuomintang decided today to give full support to the re-establishment of KMT units on the Communist-held mainland.

The decision was made at the 14th session of the congress in response to the anti-Communist people on the China mainland who have been wishing for an early return of the Kuomintang to emancipate them from the shackles of Communist tyranny.

To support the move, the 1,200 delegates and observers to the congress resolved to adopt President Chiang Kai-shek's policy of 70 per cent politics and 30 per cent military operation in the anti-Communist struggle as a basic principle to direct the party's maneuvering behind the enemy line.

On the reconstruction of the Kuomintang, the delegates agreed that every effort should be made to strengthen the unity of its members, increase its mobility and beef up its "combat strength."

Other resolutions adopted at the session called for improvement in the elections of public functionaries, close coordination between the party and parliamentary bodies, and stepped-up contacts with the general public to know their needs and promote their welfare.

To transfer "new blood" into the party, the session decided to authorize executive organ to recruit new talents, especially those who have distinguished themselves with academic achievements or heroic deeds, and give them important posts either in the party or in the government agencies.

The session also urged more efforts to publicize the policy of the Kuomintang in foreign countries and overseas Chinese units through its branch offices abroad to further consolidate the Anti-Mao and National Salvation United Front.

* * *

TAIPEI, April 7 (CIS)—Clandestine Kuomintang organizations in Tibet, Yunnan and Kwangtung scored a series of victories in their military actions against the Peiping regime late last month just before the opening of the 10th National Congress of the Kuomintang in Taipei on March 29, informed sources said yesterday.

According to reports reaching here from the China mainland, the anti-Communist military action in Tibet started in late March when armed KMT forces joined hands with 3,000 anti-Communist Tibetans to attack Communist organizations in southern Tibet.

They fought three fierce battles with Communist infantry and cavalry units and killed 112 Reds. They looted 22 horses in addition to weapons and food. The anti-Communist forces also suffered casualties, but the exact number was not given.

Now the vast grass plain in southern Tibet is in the hands of anti-Communist forces, the sources said.

At the same time, anti-Communist forces raided Communist organizations at Tingri, Shekar and Sakaya area near the Tibetan-Nepalese border and killed many Communist cadres and destroyed bridges, granaries and broadcasting stations, according to the sources.

In Yunnan province, the guerrilla forces of the National Salvation Army started a series of attacks since mid-March. They raided Communist barracks and outposts at Cheli, Fuhai, Wenglien in southern Yunnan bordering Burma.

Anti-Communist guerrilla forces engaged Communist troops 16 times and eliminated 330 Red soldiers. They also seized a big quantity of weapons, documents and destroyed Communist warehouses, banks and other targets, the sources added.

In Kwangtung area, KMT workers in Canton launched a concerted attack on Communist organizations with local anti-Communist forces on the night of March 21. They attacked the Kwangtung Provincial Revolutionary Committee and Can-

ton Municipal Revolutionary Committee simultaneously.

Anti-Communist forces also attacked the "propaganda teams for Mao Tse-tung thoughts" at seven colleges and universities in Canton.

With the support of anti-Communist elements, the attacking forces blasted the newly completed "people's bridge" across the Pearl River, the export corporation at Changti, the lumber yards at Tashatou and Shahuo railway stations.

Then they raided a reformatory camp at Kuanchingting near Shahuo and freed several hundreds of inmates.

Before the March 21 raid, KMT agents in Kwangtung launched extensive attacks at Swatow, Lufeng, Haifeng, Huilai, Chungshan, Paoan and Chuhai counties and destroyed more than 40 targets including the Maoist revolutionary committees, barracks, radar stations, granaries, highways and bridges.

* * *

TAIPEI, April 11 (CIS)—The convocation of the Ninth National Congress of the Chinese Communist Party by no means signals the end of the power struggle hitherto euphonized as the "Cultural Revolution" but heralds the outbreak of serious armed clashes on the Chinese mainland, said Dr. Wei Yu-sun, spokesman of the Foreign Ministry, yesterday.

Dr. Wei made the remark at a press conference when asked to comment on the opening of CCP's Ninth National Congress in Peiping on April 1.

The power struggle of the Chinese Communists, he pointed out, will "before long" involve the Red Army upon whom Mao Tse-tung "has become more than ever dependent to consolidate his position."

"There are increasing signs that the outbreak of serious armed clashes among the rivaling forces is now only a matter of time," he added.

Asked to comment on a report that the Chinese Communist agreement with Japanese traders shows a 20 per cent decrease in volume as compared with that of last year, Wei said the drop is a result of the Red Cultural Revolution.

It also indicated that Peiping's economy has deteriorated considerably due to the cultural purge.

"Improvement is unlikely in the foreseeable future," he predicted. □

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The Burma Banshees

This story of the 80th Fighter Group is taken from a souvenir scrapbook published during World War II by officers and men of the group while in Burma. The book was produced under unusual conditions, without disturbing combat operations; printed 700 miles away in Calcutta, and copies were flown back to the outfit in Burma. It is unfortunate that Ex-CBI Roundup could not reproduce some of the good pictures used in the publication.

* * *

The Second World War will probably be ranked in the future as the greatest action ever engaged in by mankind. At this writing there is no doubt but that the forces of freedom will overpower the enemy. This, unfortunately, was not always so certain. About the time the 80th Fighter Group was being organized, Germany, Italy, and Japan were perilously close to conquering the world. We should never forget this fact.

By spring of 1942, the Axis had a powerful grip on the strategic sections of the world. It was a case of the enemy being ahead in the last half of the ninth inning and having two outs and two strikes on us. We could have lost the war much more easily than we have now won it.

In the West, Germany had all of Europe under control—all except the British Isles and Russia east of Moscow. In the Mediterranean, Germany and Italy had all but a fraction of the coast line under occupation, and all of the strategic islands except Malta. The final corner of the great sea, around Cairo and Suez, was in danger. Rommel's Afrika Corps was pushing the British back to El Alamein, almost to Alexandria, and from the north the German drives from the Russian Caucasus and Greece, with the aid of a neutral Turkey, could have gained the Axis most of the important land between England and India.

In the East, Japan's threat started on the other side of India and spread to the Aleutians and the shores of Australia, covering an area even more vast than the Axis sphere in the West. She held all of the East Indies and New Guinea and the Solomons and thousands of smaller islands that looked like they had to be retaken one by one. She had those sections of China which, if compared to the United States, would have roughly equalled all of our country from Maine and New York to Chicago and north of the Mason-Dixon line. She had all of Southeast Asia—including Burma.

Thus the Axis had "done the impossible" and had most of the world outside of the Americas in its grasp—and they had advance agents working inside the Americas. Not one of the major Allies—the U.S., Britain, Russia or China, was at that time ready to meet the foe on equal terms. Looking back, it would seem that one of the chief reasons we did not abandon all hope is that we hardly realized the extent of our plight.

That was how the war looked early in the summer of 1942. The Allies got off to a start shortly after that, with the Solomons and North Africa. These two campaigns established the patterns for the battles to follow in the Pacific and Europe.

South East Asia, however, presented a unique problem, and a pressing one. China, the country most suited for an attack on Japan, was blockaded. Japan controlled all of China's approaches from the west and south; Russia bulked neutral on the north; and there was the Himalayan "Hump" and the Jap garrison in Burma at the west, or India side. Allied policy decided that China must be supported, supplied and spared as much as possible from Japanese military occupation. The conquest of the target, Japan, would be doubly difficult with China denied to Allied forces.

How could China be supplied? If not from the sea or Russia, then only from India. How from there? Only by air over the Hump, because the sole land route—the Burma Road—was sealed off by the Japs who in May of 1942 had swept into and beyond Myitkyina, the key town of North Burma.

This presented the problem: to start an air supply route from China to India, and meanwhile prepare a campaign to push the Japs back from the Burma Road, so to clear the land artery. Both were done, and the 80th Fighter Group played a steady, capable part in the opening and maintaining of both "roads" to old Cathay.

The air route looked hazardous to the hardiest of old mail-line pilots, but it loomed a mite easier than building, supplying and bringing an army through the thick jungles of North Burma held by the jungle-wise Japs. The "Hump Express" started in a small way late in 1942, bringing the first vital cargoes into China after almost a year of near-absolute blockade.

The group soon went to work. Its first phase of combat operations was to protect the transports flying the Hump from

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attacks by the raiding Jap planes while flying in the patrol area. The Hump became more and more secure from enemy action when the second route to China—via the Ledo Road—started seeping southeast through Burma's jungle Hukawny Valley toward Myitkyina and a junction with the Burma Road. In this campaign the Group was given its second and third missions: serving as "flying artillery" in coordination with General Stilwell's infantry when a strong Jap defense point needed a good blasting; and "strategic bombing" on the Jap lines of communication coming to the front lines from the south.

Here again these missions were accomplished. The Jap communication lines were allowed no rest. Working under the Tenth U.S. Air Force, planes of the Group picked out and destroyed supply dumps, big and small, day in and day out, denying the Nips anything near full equipment. And to prevent further supplies from being brought up to confront the Stilwell forces, our planes started a relentless campaign of bridge-busting. Large bridges were few, and small bridges were hard to find and harder to hit, but with experience the pilots developed pin-point accuracy and on most occasions when they were assigned a bridge, they got it. Through many months to January of 1945, the Group rendered unserviceable a total of 177 bridges. At this writing our "Number 200" is not far distant.

Flying joint operations with the ground forces, however, was probably the work for which the Group will be best remembered. It certainly will rank highest with the ground troops themselves. Our dive-bombers worked with every battalion of every regiment and division, from Shingbuiyang at the northwest corner of the Hukawny valley, through the valley and down the Mogaung Valley past Tingkaw Sakan, Shaduzup, Warazup, Inkangahtaung, Kamaing, and Mogaung, and over the hills with Merrill's Marauders to Myitkyina itself. This push started at the top of the "Little Hump" on the India-Burma border in October of 1943. Mogaung was taken near the end of June, '44, and Myitkyina fell after a 78-day siege on 3rd August. It had been a painful, tortuous campaign for the infantry. They had advanced the 150 air miles (but umpteen times that number of ground miles) at just over a mile a day, the last four months through the unforgettable 1944 monsoon.

In this campaign, dive-bombing proved a necessity. Not only did the jungle terrain prevent the proper use of tanks and artillery, but the nature of the Jap defense required that every last pillbox guarding a road be dealt a powerful,

precision blow. This was the situation, and our pilots went to work. Very shortly they established the confidence in themselves and in the ground troops, who would be waiting for the bombing to soften up the Japs, that the dive-bombers could hit the pillboxes, and "flying artillery" became "the way to do it." It was not unusual for our planes in contact with the ground radio party, to successfully blast a Nip machine gun position less than 200 yards from our own troops.

In the battle for Myitkyina (which is strategically located in Burma comparable to, say, Boston, in the U.S.) the Group's P-40's got in their last, and most telling, licks. The work of our organization, which regularly destroyed Jap targets 20, 30 and 40 yards from friendly troops, became legendary in Burma and perhaps elsewhere, and is described more fully later.

During the summer, we re-converted to P-47's, and moved bag and baggage across the hills to Burma. Between August and November there was a lull in the Allied advance, but in November, December, and January the campaign in North Burma was pushed to a climax—the reopening of the Burma Road. The towns of Bhamo, Katha, Indaw, Twin-ge, Loiwing, and Namkham had been taken, and juncture effected with the Chinese army of the Salween, and the first convoy of 100 vehicles had made the trip from Ledo to Kunming. Japan's masterfully devised blockade around stricken China had now been doubly broken, once by land and once by air. Brief but historic ceremonies were held as the Allies from the West met the Allies from the East at the village of Wanting (the twain has met) on 28 January. Fittingly, a patrol of P-47's from the Group circled overhead at the long-awaited rendezvous. In the whirlwind 3-month dash the Group had offered the same type of dive bombing as they had in the previous campaign with P-40's. The Nips this time, their bridges broken behind them and their supplies chewed up by "strategic" bombing, were much more willing to retreat southward.

At this writing, the Allied columns are "on the Road to Mandalay"; large transports fly unmolested from India and Burma to China; and convoys roll on the Ledo-Burma (Stilwell) Road to the same front.

This somewhat completes one phase of the Group's operational contribution to the Second World War, the one that we might have lost. It has been gratifying to all hands to see the campaign come to a successful conclusion. The Group believes it played an important role in the campaign. In having the op-

portunity to play this role, it was perhaps fortunate to be in position to remain as close as it did to the center of things, to feel that "we're really fighting the war." We have been fortunate, too, that the turn of events have not proven unfavorable and that we have been able to stick to our mission and find pride in seeing it well done. We are thankful that we had the chance to do our part in a struggle on the same side with so many millions of other persons who also believed they were fighting or working against the forces of evil.

About Being Overseas

The war, although the most unfortunate event of our generation, brought some things before our eyes that we would not have seen in peacetime. The broadening, deepening influence of travel was almost forced upon us. We learned a lot, things that will amuse us to recall after the war, and some other stuff that might educate us to become better citizens of the U.S.A.

Some of us travelled around the U.S. a good bit before coming over. There we could see for ourselves other sections of the country than our own, and each with its particular interests, values and functions. There were the mills, mines and the timber camps, the farms, large and small, the orchards and vineyards, the wholesale and retail places, and the arteries of commerce. Our eyes were opened: "Maybe my section of the country isn't the only important section after all; these other places seem pretty busy and important too," we mused.

Then we went overseas. Our sentiments were mixed; some very happy to go and found it next to unbearable when they arrived; others were reluctant but took it like soldiers. However we felt, though, we couldn't help but see and hear things that were new and unusual, informative and amusing, things we had never before encountered.

The boat or plane would stop at foreign ports of all descriptions. Some surprised us with their modernity: everybody wore suits, shirts, shoes and dresses just like us Americans, and they liked jitterbugging, ice cream and the movies; their buildings were made out of wood, stone, cement, steel and glass, and they had autos running on paved streets. These places were more like our own cities than the steaming jungles, mysterious Kasbahs and mud-and-thatch villages we'd seen in the movies and read about in school.

But apart from these larger towns, the countries and places we saw were quite unlike our home towns. In India poverty seemed a national custom. This book

shows in pictures some of the things we saw, but there were many other things, some we'd rather forget but others we might recall, for the sake of old times—

—Being pulled about in rickshas by coolies; Indians squatting on sidewalks, in doorways and most anywhere; streetcars jammed far worse than the subway ever was; local shops about the size of a large crate, selling odds and ends such as maybe a couple boxes of matches, cigarets by the piece, metal washers, some 1935 copies of "Reader's Digest," and a few other things with no apparent purpose at all; the beggars, some old and deformed and some, little naked kids—and their cry of "Box-cease, sob, box-cease"; the greatest parts of the cities, only block after block of mud and thatch where millions somehow passed their existence—

—Cows strolling the main streets; dung patties sun-baking on the walls; groaning bullock carts; Indians washing themselves in rivers and ponds, with their clothes on; barbershops squatting on roadsides; railroad stations swarming with people, many stretched out in their clothes asleep on the platform; people starving in cities while fertile delta-land in the country was farmed indifferently; women walking with a stately grace of carriage, from carrying bundles on their heads from childhood; the exaggerated role religion seemed to play; local theaters; the great little Indian army soldiers, and Tommies, Scots, Aussies and R A F men striding along the streets; the Indian "pause that refreshes"—a big green leaf containing lime paste and betel nut and used like we use coca-cola—

—Bouncing along on roads remindful either of a dust bowl, a swamp, or an old creek bed; the use of bamboo for almost every purpose; the appalling thickness of the jungle; banana trees and teakwood; villages blasted by bombing, shelling and in-fighting; battered pagodas, one every mile or so, and all looking like the next one; peasants carrying their worldly goods on bamboo sway-poles; Chinese soldiers, grinning, dingoing, curious, courageous, and living examples, we thought, of "ignorance is bliss"; eating C-rations and corned willy for weeks; the total absence of shops and stores in our part of Burma; the broad, blue Irawaddy; colored engineers building the Ledo road out of jungle and swamp; and ourselves, many of us toiling at things we weren't too interested in.

We learned a lot. Mostly, the utter foolishness of war: cruel, wasteful, unfair. We saw things. Most of them convinced us that the U.S.A. is The Place

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To Live; but also that we are not perfect. We may have learned some things, and may very possibly learn a lot more, from other lands. We learned how much we missed Home, a thing some of us had always taken for granted. We can never forget how we missed our families and friends, how we worried about them, how we sweated out a letter. But no doubt they missed us, too.

We learned to give thanks, thanks for our lives, for one thing. Our job was not easy, but it loomed almost desirable when we read of bloody campaigns in other parts of the world. Our respect grew for the unsung foot soldier, the doughfoot who takes territory in combat—whether American, Russian, Chinese, Australian, British, Indian, or African. We learned about other Americans, the guys we worked and lived with. They were of many and diverse types, but we got along and maybe gained something from knowing them. Our work was sometimes humble, but we found that system and co-operation will get things done. We learned discipline, taking orders, teamwork, even a little democracy sometimes. We discovered that we must be efficient to insure the lives of those with whom we worked.

We developed a profound hatred for war. This attitude, combined with similar feelings of ten million others in our forces and millions of our folks, plus those of many other countries; brings the hope that wise men may some day outlaw the possibility of war.

Perhaps most basic of all, we learned the value of some of the homely virtues: kindness, unselfishness, friendliness, courtesy and tolerance. We learned sympathy, humor, and not to take one's self too seriously—generosity, resourcefulness, stamina and courage. We won't get a diploma for our overseas service, but nevertheless, it will always be a part of our education.

Most of all, we wanted to be at home. Next we wanted the war over, and to be back at normal ways of living. We wanted to be with our families and friends, going to the movies, sitting in comfortable furniture in nice rooms, going about our eight-hour day earning our living, and having an opportunity now and then to be alone and quiet. We missed the diversions of our built-up American cities and country: in Burma the only things you could do for relaxation were to play ping-pong, or cards, write letters, sit and read, just sit, or hit the sack.

The surroundings were severe. We were in dense jungle in North Burma for ten months. The first seven of those months were rainy, damp, hot and very, very muddy. The last three the climate

was fine, but we were beginning to suffer from a sort of claustrophobia, that shut in feeling caused by the jungle which at times seemed to be closing in on us.

The monsoon was pretty much all they'd said about it. Only one thing we proved false: they'd said you couldn't fight a war during it. We not only fought the war but won a major campaign right through the heart of the 130 inch rain of the season. Our line boys kept the engines going despite humidity conditions which must have averaged around 97 per cent, and our pilots flew more missions during the monsoon than anybody had ever flown in good weather before in the same area.

Each of us has probably told family and friends that we were the first air corps outfit to base in Burma since the old A.V.G. had been kicked out two years before. That was both an honor and a challenge. We have also spoken much about living through the monsoon. What was the monsoon like? Well, first, heat, almost never-ending, and moist enough to produce a skin ailment called "prickly heat." Also much rain, bringing much mud. And clouds; and bugs, of a thousand varieties and a million members of each family. And rot—some of our effects still retain that pungent, musty, decaying rot of the summer. So we went round in hip boots sometimes, at times in raincoats, other times with nothing on our backs but a couple dozen beetles. Some days were steamingly hot but on other days the clouds brought respite. And when it rained real hard, we might be able to sleep in, and there are worse things than lying on the sack, listening to the rain pelting down.

Heightening the general interest were the first contacts with the Nip air force. On December 10 the pilots met a force of red-ball bombers and fighters and returned to base with one fighter probably destroyed and three damaged. Lts. Schlager, Anderson and Pappert got the credits. Three days later a similar force tried it again, and this time Captains Hamilton and Allred and Lieutenants Randall, Emrick, Anderson and Burns got in telling bursts. Their bag was four fighters destroyed and three more damaged. On attack missions, Captain Becker had destroyed the big Namkwin Road bridge early in December; Pat Randall had blasted a big hole in the Namkwin by-pass railroad span; and in the middle of February, Lieutenants Sigler, Brand, Randall and Robinson spotted a juicy Jap convoy in the Myitkyina area and machine gunned seven vehicles.

In the spring of '44 the system of rest leaves for enlisted men began to operate, and small groups of the boys left

for Shillong, that charming mountain resort in lower Assam. Not the least of its attractions, including females and a quaint brew labeled "Khasi wine" was the supreme delight of sleeping without a mosquito net, which had become a "must" as soon as the squadron arrived in India.

And now we find ourselves at the best camp site we have ever had, not excluding Farmingdale. The nearby river with its cold rapid waters is easily the most delightful feature. The first few weeks of our stay here has seen a marked increase in the deer mortality rate, and venison adds a greatly appreciated variety to our GI rations. Perhaps the most important event in recent weeks, overshadowing the war itself was the drawing for priorities on rotation, as the greater part of our personnel ended their twenty-first month overseas and saw rotation to Uncle Sugar in the offing.

The big single "mission" which involved the whole outfit, both ground and air, was the siege of Myitkyina (which is pronounced many ways, but mostly an abbreviation that sounds like "Mitch"). Merrill's Marauders, plus some Chinese troops, had pulled a surprise march over the hills from the chief battleground of the Mogaung Valley. On 17 May, they crept up on the main airdrome at Mitch, overpowered the small garrison, and started moving on the town. They were able to take parts of the town, but were thrown back by fierce Jap night attacks and a siege began. Meanwhile, back on the strip gliders, which had been escorted by our P-40's were landing, followed shortly by C-47's with supplies. Weeks went by, and the Japs refused to surrender their bristling perimeter around Mitch town. Their defense consisted of a ring of trenches, armed with mutually-supporting pillboxes containing light and heavy machine guns. Our infantry could not storm these murderous lines, and we had no heavy equipment with which to reduce the Jap strongpoints, so they stayed. Then the decision was made to bring some fighter-bombers to be based at the Mitch strip, to work directly with the infantry. We got the assignment.

After one false start, 24 ground men landed at Mitch, and started servicing this forward flight. The campsite was about a mile from the Jap lines, one of the closest, if not the closest, an air corps outfit has worked to the front in the whole war. Every now and then the Japs would unlimber their artillery and take a few pot shots at the field. The first night the men, in their sublime ignorance, slept right through the shelling. Waking to find what had been going on, however, they kept one eye on a

fox hole the rest of their stay. The following morning the Japs "walked" eight shells up toward the camp from the middle of the field. The last one burst about ten yards from our tent. Fragments punctured the tarp, the blue dropping chute Ralph Carnley was using for his cook shack, and nicked a P40 or two.

This unusual "mission" gave us a situation where the line crews really put out the work. Up at 0430 hours, they'd be finishing loading the last plane for the early morning missions at dark, when the blackout started. They not only had to crew, load and bomb up the planes with this skeleton force, but had to unload the supply transports themselves by hand. They had neither the usual S.O.S., service group nor airdrome squadrons to help, and not a single vehicle. It is a tribute to those fellows that the pilots were able to perform their excellent work in the air.

Allred took immediate charge of the operations. He sized up the situation this way: Stilwell needs heavy stuff and don't get it, so we'll be his artillery; we're based so close to the ground troops that they can tell us exactly what Jap fox hole they want bombed; the rest we'll take care of, we and the P40s. And that's the way it worked. Every day the infantry and combat engineer outfits would send an officer over to the squadron alert shack and brief the pilots on the exact situation, down to the last five yards. The resulting six weeks of close-support dive bombing blasted the way for the infantry to gradually capture Mitch. Some of the bombing missions established records for closeness of support that are probably world records. One time Capt. Allred knocked out a Jap pillbox ten yards in front of an American outpost. The record for a four plane flight was when Lts. Schlagel, Lindsay, Lindeman and Foster knocked out a Jap strongpoint just across the road from the American lines—55 feet away. Many other missions were successful 30 to 50 yards in front of our troops—all without casualty to our infantry.

The outfit is naturally proud of its work in this campaign. Gen. Wessels, the ground commander, showed his appreciation by presenting Allred with a commendation which led to a Legion of Merit. The ground crews experienced a great deal during the battle. They not only could watch the planes they had serviced take the air and a few moments later dive on the Japs, but they saw Nip planes on four occasions. Once our area was bombed and strafed, in an attack that came as a surprise, to say the least. As usual, the Nips took full

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advantage of the weather, flying in from the sunnier south while our planes were still grounded. Aird, Burke, and Fulmer took fragments, but were back at work in a day or so. Jezeabee Brooks swears one Nip was the worst shot he'd ever seen. "I'm dashing for this foxhole," says Jesse, "and before I get there I see this Zero pointing right at me blazing away. He couldn't have been over 200 yards away but I'll swear every single bullet missed me by 20 yards, thank goodness." Two days later about 30 Nips ventured up, but this time Allred, Gale, Baldy and Okie were in the air. The four routed and turned back this unusually large force, which only dropped one bomb (that fell wide) and did no strafing. Our flight shot down five Zeros confirmed, plus one probable and two damaged. On 3 August, Myitkyina fell, and this unique mission was over. We returned to the jungles, and the monsoon.

The return to the jungle from the intensive, but much healthier, conditions at Mitch, helped bring about the inevitable day when the pilots would be judged "war weary" and rotated back to the States. Allred, who soon made major, had 200 combat missions, and all of the original pilots had well over 100. Sam Brand was the first to leave. During the long, rainy summer we converted to P47's, and supported Gen. Festing's British 36th Division down the railway corridor to Katha. Toward the end of October the ground situation, after a good rest, picked up speed and we took Bhamo and Namhkam in a hurry and opened the Burma Road—all the way from Ledo to Kunming.

So we submit: Mission Accomplished.

After what seemed like ages, we reached Assam. Here, at "Nagasnatch," we celebrated our first year away from the States with a party where feminine talent was supplied, as always, by the ever-pleasing, tireless Red Cross gals and U.S. Army Nurses. It was also here that Group commemorated this anniversary with a gala field day, held a track meet, volley ball, badminton and softball tournaments and other sports events. Major General Howard G. Davidson, Commanding General of the 10th Air Force, presented team and individual winners with silver cups at an evening party. We walked away with top honors in softball and volleyball and second in badminton and several other events.

And why Assam?

One had only to look at the clear skies which on the good days shone down on our Valley home to find the answer. More often than not they were filled with the transport planes of the A.T.C.

starting out on their famous "Hump" route to China, and it was to protect this route and the bases from which it originated that became our assigned mission. From these bases our planes took off on patrol missions over the "Hump" and there they flew overlapping patrols from dawn until dusk every day that the weather permitted.

During the first five months of our operations the patrols comprised the bulk of our missions. Also, however, there were sandwiched in offensive combat missions directed against enemy targets in northern Burma, the theory of such missions being to disrupt enemy supply lines and lines of communications.

One type of such mission for which we were later to become famous was attacks made on road and railroad bridges. First blood was drawn when Capt. Sussky and Lt. Adair each scored a direct hit with a thousand-pounder on the Loilaw Railroad bridge, south of Mogaung. This was the forerunner of many more successful missions run against this type of target.

Although for the duration of our stay in Assam, our principal missions continued to be the defense of the transport bases against enemy air attack, our operations became more varied. By 1 January 1944, the U.S. Army Engineers had hacked a road out of the jungles and across the mountains that separated Ledo from the native village of Shingbuiyang, Burma. Shingbuiyang was in the hands of the American-trained Chinese forces operating under General Stilwell, and its capture marked the beginning of the drive to open an overland route to China. Only those who have lived in a jungle-infested country could appreciate what the construction of such a road involves in labor, expense and just plain physical endurance, under most adverse conditions of weather and supply. As this is being written, the job has been completed and the squadron is proud of the part it played in making the construction of this road possible. The road itself, a super-human feat of engineering, will forever remain as a monument to those who aided in its successful completion.

Immediately after the fall of Myitkyina, we moved into Burma. The many luxuries we had grown used to in Assam were noticeably lacking in Burma. At first there were none unless you counted as such the nights, which as compared with the excruciating heat of the daylight hours were a blessing. But at times even the nights brought their discomforts, all mostly in the form of enemy air raids that seemed to be timed exactly with the arrival of the full moon.

Our casualties in both men and equipment, however, were light. Lanasa and Ajjan collected the Purple Heart for minor wounds suffered from bomb fragments and on one raid a small anti-personnel bomb scored a direct hit on one of our planes, damaging it.

The tempo of our operations during the months of October, 1944—February, 1945, far exceeded those of any previous period in our history, both in missions flown as well as bombs and ammunition expended. In June, 1944, the old P-40, which had done such yeoman service in this Theater, gave way to the newer, bigger and heavier P-47 Thunderbolt, the plane which had been the Squadron's first love.

The month of October typifies the effectiveness of our attacks. Nineteen missions, comprising 107 sorties, accounted for the destruction of 10 enemy held bridges, all important links in the Jap's fast dwindling supply line. Also in February, 1945, the outfit broke all Group records for tons of bombs dropped and ammunition expended in a single day's operations. The 30½ tons of bombs dropped on this day more than doubled our previous day's high and when to this is added the 37,600 rounds of ammunition expended a better idea can be gained of the wallop packed by our seven-ton "pea shooters."

The mission of the outfit is not complete, and it will not be complete until the last Jap plane is driven from the sky. Those who remain to carry out this assignment are capable and daring, and we are confident in their ability to carry on successfully and in the proud tradition of the organization any mission to which they may be assigned. Good luck and happy hunting.

Our record of enemy aircraft destroyed began with the interception on 10 December 1944 by a flight led by William S. Harrell and consisting of George C. Whitley, Dodd V. Shepard, and Robert L. McCarty, of three Jap bombers and four fighters in the "Hump" area. As the result of this engagement, three bombers and two of the fighters were destroyed without loss to ourselves.

Three days after this raid a large enemy formation consisting of twenty-four bombers and thirty-five fighters attacked the airdrome at Dinjan. We had little warning of this large formation, and only one of our planes made initial contact, that piloted by Philip R. Adair. Undoubtedly his boldness and daring in attacking this formation of enemy planes, for which he received the Silver Star, prevented it from inflicting material damage. James F. May also made contact later and between them they destroyed one fighter and one

bomber and damaged three more planes.

Apart from another interception on 18 January 1944, resulting in the destruction of one enemy fighter by Fred S. Evans and damage to two more, our principal encounter with the enemy occurred on 27 March 1944. On this occasion a four-ship flight led by Robert D. Bell, and consisting of Percy A. Marshall, Raymond B. McReynolds and Herbert H. Doughty, sighted and attacked an enemy formation of some fifteen bombers escorted by twenty-five fighters. Four bombers and six fighters were destroyed in this engagement, and later when reports from other outfits came in, including that from all local units, a recapitulation showed 27 enemy planes destroyed and many more claimed as probables or damaged. For their alertness and outstanding success in this engagement the Group subsequently received a Unit Citation from Headquarters, 10th Air Force, Bell, the Distinguished Service Cross and the other members of the flight the Silver Star.

Being part of the 80th Fighter Group, we had made a fine record during the training period and we also became very popular with the townspeople of Long Island and particularly those of Jackson Heights. Many of the men married while at La Guardia Field and Santini. The hospitality of these people will never be forgotten. You would think the people were seeing their own sons leaving for overseas duty the way they treated us. After a short furlough of four days, we moved to our P.O.E., from where we shoved off with good wishes of a brass band playing the Air Corps song and the Red Cross women passing the coffee and donuts to us going up the gangplank.

Within a few days of our arrival we had a welcoming committee—on two occasions—of Jap flyers. Our planes were ready and waiting but the enemy planes never came within gun range of our fighters.

Co-incidental with our arrival General Stilwell launched his now famous bid for the Ledo Road, which some day he hoped to link with the old Burma Road. We became an integral part of the campaign, bombing and strafing Jap lines and communications systems. Bridges were an important early target most of the time because Stilwell operated upon the theory that starved troops are dead ones and the only good Jap is a dead one.

We were helpful in the elimination of many a Jap "pocket". The infantrymen, Merrill's Marauders and the Stilwell American trained Chinese, would encircle a large number of the enemy and our planes would work them over

bombing and strafing the pocket until the perimeter narrowed to such an extent that overrunning the Jap position was relatively easy. Thus small forces of the infantry could annihilate larger numbers of the enemy and the other troops would swiftly move ahead to slap another road block upon another unit of Japs. This method of fighting was what won Myitkyina and eventually the whole of the North Burma campaign. Our outfit had the first planes to operate from a field in Burma since the American Volunteer Group left that country in 1942.

The world-famous Hump Hoppers, the boys who flew the treacherous sky-way to China from India over oftentimes insurmountable heights, were also included in our many and varied "jobs". We patrolled the India side of the Hump fighting off the Zeros which strove to cut that vital supply line to Gen. Chiang Kai-shek and Gen. Chennault's 14th Air Force.

Our record of aerial combat is remarkable in that the number of enemy planes destroyed is many in relation to the few Americans who were shot down. Our first battle for the supremacy of the air over Burma resulted in seven out of nine enemy bombers and one fighter being destroyed. The two other bombers are listed as probably destroyed. Air opposition was never much of a problem and the Japs would venture out only upon occasion and in large numbers after this, but each time their losses increased and they licked their wounds and evaded combat.

In June of '44 we again operated with P-47's, the first in this theater, and the added range was most helpful in giving us targets farther and farther down into Japanese-held territory. We supported the troops on the Salween Front and did much damage to rolling stock and bridges deep in Burma. We carried two 1,000-lb bombs on missions and results were reported excellent. On days-off enlisted men flew as crewmen on C-47's kicking out supplies at forward air-dropping stations.

Two rescue parties were formed from volunteers to hunt for wrecked transports in the Burma hills and on both occasions the missions were wholly successful. Lts. McDonell and Wigly, S-Sgt. Woodham, Sgt. Meyers and Cpl. Hoffman were the men who endured many days of hardship and danger. Two men from our outfit were believed to have been on one of the wrecked ships and this proved to be true. One, however, is still unaccounted for; it is believed that he walked away from the wreck.

The Japs took to night bombings and several places nearby were hit more

than a few times—but the damage and casualties were never heavy. To offset the rigors of boredom we were treated to numerous traveling USO shows, Camp Shows and Inter-Theater G.I. Shows. The best-liked entertainers were Pat O'Brien and Jinx Falkenburg and their troupe.

The list of commendations and other instances of official notice are far too numerous to mention individually. From Generals G. C. Marshall, H. H. Arnold, H. C. Davidson to the commanding officers of the front-line troops we have worked with, the fact of our outfit's and our group's all around excellence has been amply testified and approved.

Such testimonials and such an outstanding record is not the cause of any one man or any one group of men. Rather it is a tribute to the spirit and initiative of each and every man in the outfit, enlisted men as well as officers, privates as well as Master Sgts., 2nd Lts. as well as full Colonels. Realization of this truism is all important in the making of a record such as ours. To list all the personal achievements and medals awarded our personnel would be wholly out of reason in speaking of the outfit as one unit but suffice it to say that there are many many decorations, both among the officers and enlisted men. You do not fly over 200 combat missions in other theaters—but you do over Burma. The men have earned their awards and much more...the knowledge that each effort expended helps drive the enemy to final defeat is enough for us all regardless of recognition.

We shall continue to do our appointed tasks until we achieve the final victory and we shall move and move again until the Japs are ground into the earth even as they so treacherously ground our soldiers, sailors and marines on the Day of Infamy at Pearl Harbor! □

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Ex-CBI Roundup

P. O. Box 125 Laurens, Iowa

Yesterday Becomes Too Real

By OLIVER BORLAUG
In the Washburn, N.D., Leader

Ten times a year we receive a magazine most unique. It's "Ex-CBI Roundup," taking part of its name from a publication of the World War Two era, published for units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theater. Today's publication is described as a "reminiscing" magazine for people who were in the CBI.

Many will wonder why anyone stationed in places like Asia would care to reminisce or be reminded of them. As far as we know, no other World War Two area has its own publication, its own organization, the CBI Veterans Association, with at least one other smaller group.

To probe one's mind is no easy task. We cannot often understand ourselves, to say nothing of probing what makes another tick. Yet, we have come to some conclusions, of sorts, why Today many like to reminisce about Yesterday.

A Christmas or two ago, son David received a paint-by-numbers set and completed a picture of a soldier of some military unit of old India. It's a somber, almost depressing thing. His medals, his uniform, the colors of his headpiece are all but lost in the black background, the soldier's inscrutable countenance, and the general tone.

To us this picture is Asia, or more especially, the CBI.

For some the initials stood for Continual Bickering Inside, in recognition of the conflict of personalities. It was a lonely, forgotten theater; one of frustration, bitterness and almost hopelessness.

It was divided by The Hump, a fortress wall of mountains, the crossing of which took the lives of thousands of men and as we recall nearly 1,000 airplanes. At one time losses of these transports were the same, percentage wise, as combat losses of bombers in Europe, upon which the spotlight of world attention was focused.

American combat units in Burma worked with Allies and finally that land was secure—from the enemy. In China, two Air Forces fought in the skies and racked up an impressive battle record. But, it seems that the CBI was to the average American only something out of Terry and the Pirates, full of Dragon Ladies and others.

Our time there was short, compara-

tively speaking. Yet, we have memories, some humorous, some not, which we can never forget.

There was the poverty and the entreaty for gifts at every turn of the road in India; the stifling heat of midday, and the peculiar toot of the locomotive whistles.

There were the railway coaches, and soldiers traveled in the ones with hard benches running the length of the cars. They were not the luxurious affairs persons of mystery travel in across the silver or TV screen.

There was the haggling to buy anything; the huge bottles of colored water in the New Market in Calcutta, and the distressed cries of the crowd when a native walked into a speeding GI truck.

There were the test stands where plane engines were run in before going back to work, powering deep-bellied airplanes hauling whatever an army needs, from airstrips which once were tea plantations, over The Hump to China.

Here there was more poverty; boiled drinking water, plenty of fresh eggs, and a trip by truck or jeep that would take as many days as hours by air.

There were spiral roads up and down mountains, and apprehensive looks over the edges of precipices and wondering how the fellows made out who rode that truck way down there. (You didn't wonder more than once.)

There were the air strips carved into the side of a mountain and surfaced by hand-made chips pressed down by human-drawn rollers.

There was the atabrine pallor; the shops where you could buy trinkets, and the places where you wondered if you were with friend or foe. (At some of these you felt heartened when the chap with his hands on a machine gun waved and **ding haoed** you.)

We could ramble on. We look again at David's picture, and reflect on the statement originating with a heathen Chinese, about one picture being worth ten thousand words.

And, that chap had never even heard of World War Two, Chennault, Stilwell, or a lean Perkinson from West Virginia, who said he played soft ball, as a boy, with Joseph Cotten.

Perk, if you're still alive we'd sure like to chat a spell...

* * *

After the war was over, stories were a dime a dozen. One told of a troop ship which arrived at Calcutta after Hiroshima. The story was it turned

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around and headed for the States without unloading the troops.

We can imagine the great joy that reigned on that ship. But, those troops never knew what they missed either.

* * *

Even yet, we can see clouds and rugged mountains and valleys far below, with silver streams or puddles of water; of roads draped over them; presenting a scene not unlike that of a small boy making a butterscotch sundae with dark-colored ice cream; of airplanes with sacks of mail; of weighing the future, in considering the impact of a green indicator light as compared to a red.

Of today, gazing a bit wistfully skyward at the sound of a piston-engine plane; of the night near Turtle Lake

when a low-flying C-47 pilot answered our flicking headlights with a landing light which gleamed in early dusk.

The words of the Army Air Corps song came to life for a few moments...

And Today, when a hot rodding Tail Pipe Commando roars his engine at the stop sign in a sort of magneto check, then screeches away in the night; of Then; from the comfort of a cot and beneath mosquito netting, you would hear two engines roaring with the pre-take-off checks, the comparative silence, followed by the sound of full power. Then, in moments the relief that "Well, at least they made the takeoff okay."

We guess the sentimental should not muse or reminisce. Yesterday becomes too real . . .

□

Bombay Becoming Skyscraper Capital

By the Associated Press

BOMBAY, India—Showing touches of Manhattan and Miami Beach, Bombay seems on the way to becoming the "skyscraper capital" of Asia.

The present building rate will soon provide more buildings of 20 plus stories than any other city in the old world, promoters say.

Bombay's population has mushroomed so that about 2½ million live on the island of 27 square miles which is the city's heart.

Building constructors ran into regulations barring buildings more than 105 feet tall. Now these have been relaxed and the building race is on.

One of the tallest will be the headquarters of the Reserve Bank of India, a 400-foot building on reclaimed land called Nariman Point, which is likely to become Bombay's Manhattan.

More than one million people work in downtown Bombay, a two-mile-square area at the southern end of the island.

The tallest building now planned will be a 40 story, 480-foot commercial building in the heart of the automobile spare parts district, three miles from Nariman Point.

Air India is building a 310-foot headquarters overlooking back bay. Rising next door to it is the Indian Express building of 22 stories, a newspaper plant.

Luxury apartment buildings are included in the building boom. One newly-completed is Usha Kiran, a 26-story apartment mansion on the brow of Cumballa Hill, the main rival to Malabar

Hill as a posh neighborhood. An apartment will cost \$39,000.

Work is just beginning on the 40-story Dalamal Towers, which its promoters say will be the tallest residential structure in Asia. It will offer one to four-bedroom flats, with servants' quarters — a must for homes of the upper class in India. The smallest one-bedroom flat will sell for \$7,333.

City officials require the skyscrapers to be fully airconditioned.

Most of the buildings become cosmopolitan, with foreigners and Indians, movie stars and businessmen living as neighbors. A few cater to certain segments of society such as vegetarians.

Some speculation is taking place, with the wealthy buying flats for leasing to foreigners who come to live in Bombay for two or three years.

A number of India's former Maharajas live in these luxury apartments. A number of their former palaces, which were actually huge bungalows on spacious grounds, have been razed to make way for profitable high-rise buildings.

Usha Kiran is on the grounds of the old Dharampur Palace. The old Gwalior Palace estate, which has four eight story buildings, is expected to give way to a Hilton hotel.

So many of the spacious old seafront bungalows have been replaced by the taller structures that palm-lined Nepean sea road now resembles Miami Beach.

One promoter has leased a plot overlooking the sumptuous Mahalaxmi race course. He plans a 21-story office building topped—you guessed it—by a revolving restaurant.

□

A Popular Washington Hostess

by **CONSTANCE DANIELL**
From The Miami, Fla., Herald

With apologies to Rudyard Kipling, East and West occasionally do meet, and nowhere more effectively than in the chic penthouse apartment of Mrs. Anna Chennault. The apartment and its furnishing, which reflect both the world of today and yesterday, are an exotic blend of the best of Occidental and Oriental cultures.

Speculation in the nation's capital that Mrs. Chennault is destined to become one of the leading hostesses during the Nixon administration is rivaled by speculation in Wisconsin about the possibility of romance brewing between Gov. Warren Knowles and Anna Chennault.

On both counts Mrs. Chennault speaks freely. "I don't like it when people say I'm going to be THE Washington hostess," she said. "I don't give parties for political reasons and I like to think I'm not a party giver. I love to give parties but I do it because I want to entertain friends I like. I never invite anyone I don't care about."

As for Gov. Knowles, Mrs. Chennault added, "I know him. We enjoy each other's company. I think we find each other attractive. We're very good friends and if we like to see each other we will."

The subject of doing what one believes in came up as Mrs. Chennault recalled her marriage to Gen. Claire Chennault. It was a happy one, and Mrs. Chennault wrote of it in her book, "A Thousand Springs," after the general's death in 1957.

Her parents had objected to the marriage, despite their Western ties.

"I now believe you can't please everyone," Mrs. Chennault said. "You should do what you believe is right. One has to listen and answer to oneself. As long as a person gives to a cause one believes in, and manages to have some fun, there's not much more one should ask of life."

Her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Samuel Y. C. Chan, who now live in Piedmont, Calif., came to approve of the marriage in the years that followed, Mrs. Chennault added.

Mementos of the Chennaults' life together abound in the apartment.

But Mrs. Chennault is not looking back. "There's no time," she says, "I'm too busy and there's so much to do."

As vice-president of international affairs for the Flying Tiger airlines, an

air freight company which her late husband founded, Mrs. Chennault travels extensively.

She plans to resume work this spring on her book, "A Night Without Stars," a story of the struggle between the old and the new generations after the Communists took over the China mainland. Mrs. Chennault has written "about 15 books in Chinese," and is also the author of "Chennault and the Flying Tigers."

Should Mrs. Chennault decide to step into the "Washington hostess" role, she has both the talent and the setting in which to do so. Her two-story penthouse atop Washington's fashionable Watergate building covers 4,000 square feet. Palm green lacquer window seats line the walls, and from them, up to the ceiling, rise glass panels which reveal a magnificent view of the Potomac river, the city and the steel framework of the Kennedy Cultural Center that is being built nearby.

When she moved in nearly two years ago, Mrs. Chennault set about putting her own personal stamp on the rooms, making them an effective background for her collection of Oriental treasures. The wall between the dining room and living room was removed, allowing a sweep of some 60 feet from one end of the room to another. An antique Chinese screen, housewarming gift from the president of Korea, serves as a temporary room divider.

The entire apartment is carpeted in pale green, an effective background for the luxury touches added by carved figurines, brass pieces, ivory and jade sculptures, Ming vases, and upholstered pieces in ivories, light green and gold. Paintings cover the walls.

A pair of jade trees face each other from opposite corners of the room. The leaves, trunks and petals are made of jade. They're the largest jade trees in the world, and Mrs. Chennault has willed them to the Smithsonian.

The window seats are used for display areas for framed photographs, most of them signed. There is one of Mrs. Chennault and the late John F. Kennedy; an autographed photo of Mamie Eisenhower; photographs of Mrs. Chennault with Governor Knowles and Defense Secretary Melvin Laird taken at the Republican Convention last summer, another photograph taken at the same time of Mrs. Chennault with Mrs. Nixon and daughters Julie and Tricia.

"Much that I have is old," Mrs. Chen-

nault said, "but I hope no one here ever feels afraid to sit on a chair or touch anything. This furniture is lived in." Pointing to a pile of colorful pillows stacked in one corner, Mrs. Chennault said, "We use those a lot with low tables, especially when there are a lot of people here. Last week I had about 150 guests here for an after-theater party, and I cooked most of the food myself."

"Cooking is an art; housekeeping too," Mrs. Chennault added. "It's important for a woman to be able to do both."

You can be effective and businesslike in the office, but at the same time you should never lose the charm and touch of being a woman, and making your home a happy place to be. Some women try too hard to be like men."

Mrs. Chennault has two daughters. Claire, 19, is spending a year at Taiwan University "polishing her Chinese." Another daughter, Cynthia, 18, is a sophomore at Wellesley College. Both girls, who read, write and speak Chinese, go back to Taiwan each summer. □

BOOK REVIEWS



HOOLIGAN. By David Dodge. The Macmillan Company. February 1969. \$5.95.

A mystery and suspense novel, centered around a typhoon which caused terrific damage in Hong Kong. Insurance claims are tremendous. John Lincoln, "hooligan-trained" Special Service man, is sent to Hong Kong to try to stop the Chinese capitalist, Everett Fung, from buying insurance claims worth 100 million American dollars and getting the money into Red China.

NAGASAKI: THE FORGOTTEN BOMB. By Frank Chinnock. World Publishing Co. February 1969. \$6.95.

An account of the hideous deaths of tens of thousands of people in Nagasaki on August 9, 1945, including interviews with some survivors and chapters on the flight crew of the bomb-dropping B-29. A high point is an account of the conference on the night of the bomb drop, when the Imperial Cabinet met at the Emperor's palace to decide the fate of their country.

THE BUDDHIST TRADITION IN INDIA, CHINA, AND JAPAN. Edited by William Theodore de Bary. Random House Modern Library Original. February 1969. Paperback, \$2.45.

A book to "let the Buddhists give an account of themselves," this book includes scores of excerpts from the basic scriptures and major writers of Buddhist thinkers, in order to present the common traditions and the continuity of the religion. It constitutes a history of the development of Buddhism, ranging from Buddha's traditional speech under the tree in India to the Japanese refinements of Zen.

MAY, 1969

GANDHI AND MODERN INDIA. By Penderel Moon. W. W. Norton & Co. February 1969. \$6.95.

Another book about the life of Gandhi, by an authority on India. The author stresses Gandhi's great influence as a personality whose power was rooted in religion.

STORM IN CHANDIGARH. By Nayan-tara Sangal. W. W. Norton & Co. February 1969. \$4.95.

A novel about a group of upper class Indians; a civil servant, a manufacturer and a liquor supplier and their wives. Vishal Dubey is sent to Chandigarh to smooth out labor problems in the area, and becomes involved in the personal problems of a couple he meets.

CHINA: The Roots of Madness. By Theodore H. White. Bantam Books. February 1969. Paperback, \$1.

This was written as a television documentary about China, from the last days of the Manchu empire up to Mao. Containing accounts by Pearl S. Buck and others, in addition to the White narrative, it was first published in hardcover by W. W. Norton & Co. and this is a reprint of the Norton book.

THE RISE OF RED CHINA. By Robert Goldston. Fawcett Premier. February 1969. Paperback, 75c.

A history for young adult readers, of the emergence of modern China from the last days of the Manchus through the life and achievements of Sun Yat-sen, the rise of Chiang Kai-shek and the Kuomintang, and the eventual ascendancy of Mao and Communism.

MYSELF A MANDARIN. By Autin Coates. John Day Company. March 1969. \$5.50.

An account of the author's life as a Chinese-law magistrate in Hong Kong from 1949 to 1956. Solomon-like, he was called upon continually to deal with suplicants whose problems and passions were disguised by Oriental delicacies of manner. The author tells many tales of cases that came before him.

Tales of CBI

BY CLYDE H. COWAN

A VETERAN REMINISCES

Single disconnected memoirs, relative to guiding a pencil over miles of dime store parchment, with paydays courtesy of Post Office Department. Miss MacAllister, Dean of English Composition at Lincoln High, advising certain long-footed freshman to forget about journalism and sign on as apprentice in nearby shoe repair shop. Numerous years later, same penman, with two left hands, was "at home" in Bombay's Camp Colobo. Ever try to make the plumbing work at that century old barracks built of stone? Seems like I was the only CBler that cruised from Algiers to the Suez Canal aboard England's Polish Liner "Sovieski".

Doing "Swede" dialect on radio in late 1920's, under moniker of "Norski Swederson". Cinders from the Burning Ghat. Ugh! Remembering start of World War I and being too young for draft. Never took pen in hand to tackle movie scenario, but knew Al Mellot, producer of "African Lion" for Disney. In my grease-paint days, played in "The Obstinate Wife" opposite his Mrs., then known as Elma Jolly. This footlight adventure was strictly "Little Theater" (no pay).

Post Office in Tea Patch near R.R. station in Dikom, Assam. Nifty Limey Gal, Diana Severence, was civilian employee. Al Brenner, top enlisted lad, APO 629. His replacement came from last page of Big Town's phone book, with the "end of alphabet" name of Zsashkoff. Behind The Asbestos Curtain Recollection: Writing up Back Stage Party, celebrating comic Jack Haye's half-century in Sho Biz. Mailed manuscript of shindig to "Variety" just one week later. Record for this procrastinator.

Tips of \$5.00 per week while in voluntary servitude to regular Army Colonel at Camp Angus-On-The-Hooghly. Sports Announcer Gene Kelley, more than 6½ feet high, and one-time voice of Philadelphia Phils, reciting "Casey At The Bat". Event took place at Chabua version of Radio City Music Hall. Telling four-year-old daughter Robin that I found her on a Tea Estate near Tinsukia. Next year, as a Zoology teacher, she still won't believe me!

Writing some comedy material for Marion Moore, the Poor Man's Bob Hope. After his CBI Days, he became Del Moore, of the TV Networks. With help of four other warriors, this T/5 carried 40 gallon container of aqua pura

aboard car for trip from Calcutta to Assam, only to find that it tasted more like gasoline than water. Thoughts while in a CBI dentist's chair: Why did he drill my teeth when there was no filling material in stock?

Watching small boy get in way of Chinese carpenter with plank on his shoulder. Kid got knocked over but unhurt, and ran home. Came back with Citizens Vigilance Committee. Result: One deceased tradesman and us non-intervening Yanks watching killers scurry home for supper. Invited to Indian Army Camp to see native stage show and suddenly becoming involved with performance.

Warning to would-be journalists: A proofreader's boo-boo can kill your best efforts, but that don't happen every day! Three cheers for Ex-CBI Roundup! The more than twenty "Tales" submitted have been published without a typographical error. Advice to aspiring authors, and end of this piece: Study brain surgery so you will be able to make a living if your writing don't click!

CBlers!

Meet Your Friends In Vail, Colorado

22nd Annual Reunion
China-Burma-India
Veterans Association

August 6, 7, 8 and 9, 1969
Make Reservations Early!

Write

Mrs. Doris Bailey
Vail Resort Association
Vail, Colorado 81657



From The Statesman

NEW DELHI—The cold wave which swept large parts of India in December claimed at least 64 lives. Thirty-four people died in Bihar, 20 in West Bengal, three in Delhi, six in Himachal Pradesh and one in Uttar Pradesh. A large number of birds and animals perished.

BOMBAY—A single minimum wage for all occupations and industries has been opposed by the Union Government. A memorandum to the National Commission on Labour points out that minimum wages, like the prevailing rates, need to be determined separately for each occupation in which they are necessary. "In determining the levels of minimum wages, it is necessary to consider not only the need of workers but also the capacity of the country and industry to pay, the claims of savings and investment, the prevailing wage levels and their trend, the minimum wage payment socially acceptable and fringe benefits provided by the Government or employers."

POONA—Prince Karim Aga Khan, spiritual leader of 20 million Ismaili Moslems, has presented his family's 72-year-old palace at Poona to the Indian nation. The two-story palace, owned by the Aga Khan's family for four generations, will be turned into a museum. The Aga Khan's great grandmother built the palace in 1897. It became famous in the 1940's when Mohandas K. Gandhi, father of the Indian independence movement, was detained there by the British for 636 days.

NEW DELHI—Almost unnoticed India recently crossed a major military and technological landmark with the delivery of the first MIG-21 engine from the country's aircraft industry into the supersonic field which no other developing country had thus far entered. Three MIG factories are now operational—the air frame plant in Nasik started in 1966, four years after the MIG deal was concluded with Soviet Union, and the avionics factory at Hyderabad came into production in the following year. In addition to the Koraput engine plant, the country has another aero engine plant at Bangalore which produces power plants for the Gnat and HF-24 Fighters, the Alouette helicopter and a jet trainer. Koraput now has 1,500 employees, but this figure will go up eventually to 4,500. There are some 80 Soviet experts at the site.

NEW DELHI—The Government of India has decided to arrange for the production of additional automobile tyres to meet the current shortage. The new capacity is mostly to be created by expanding existing units, but it has been decided to license at least one new firm.

SHILLONG—Fifty-eight thousand people in Mizo Hills living on the Mizo Hills-Tripura, Pakistan and Burma borders in a depth of 10 miles will be brought under a voluntary regrouping scheme in two phases. Already a beginning has been made on the Tripura border with 15,000 people. The scheme seeks to provide better security against depredations by armed Mizo rebels and bring the administration nearer to the people, according to officials. The people will be provided with jobs and rations which will have to be paid for. It may be recalled that 55,000 people in the district had already been regrouped in villages known as Progressive Protective Villages with people from adjacent villages shifted and put in one protected place.

NEW DELHI—The number of aborigines in the Andaman and Nicobar Islands is declining in spite of the Government's best efforts in their welfare, according to Mr. D. R. Chavan, Deputy Rehabilitation Minister. Mr. Chavan, after a visit to the islands, said that of the Onges, a friendly tribe who numbered 672 in 1901, no more than 200 are now left. They have not been able to adjust themselves to modern civilization. Similarly, the Deputy Minister said, the Jarawas and the Sentineles, two very hostile tribes living in the western parts of south and middle Andamans, were also declining in numbers.

GAUHATI—For the first time in 22 years the majority of Naga farmers have taken their entire harvest home without having had to contribute 18 kgs of paddy per farming unit to the underground. Neither of the two underground factions has been able to come out publicly and collect the grain contribution or the cash contribution of Rs 1.50 per house. These collections have been variously described by the underground as the occasion demanded—sometimes as taxes and sometimes as contributions.

BOMBAY—The police used tear gas and made a lathi charge here recently when about 4,000 slum dwellers attempted to break a police cordon and "capture" the State Secretariat. The demonstration was organized by various organizations to protest against the Government's action in demolishing hutments in the city under its slum clearance programme.

Commander's Message

by

Louis Gwin

National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.



Dear CBI Friends:

In last month's edition of the Ex-CBI Roundup, Chuck Mitchell had a small article suggesting we have a "Missing in Action Column". I think this is a wonderful idea. As I look back, my outfit, the 709 Engineers, always had the best turnout of members at the reunions. The first convention in St. Louis, I recall we had fifteen. Ernie Ferguson and Sam Meranda always put out a very special effort to make this possible. I don't know what happened, but now we are lucky to have four. Let us all get on the ball and ask a CBier to attend the 22nd Annual Reunion. Let's make this our motto, "ask one and bring one."

I wish to attend a state meeting in

Toledo, Ohio, on June 14th. It is my understanding this is a very interesting and lively affair. Eddie Stipes keeps me well posted although his letters are always a day late, as the Postmaster enjoys showing the pictures Eddie draws on the envelopes. Keep them coming, Eddie, it puts a little sunshine in our lives.

The National Board meeting will be held in St. Louis at the Sheraton-Jefferson Hotel on May 17th. I would appreciate a big turnout as we have quite a few important things to discuss, and some very important decisions to make. Don't forget reservations for this meeting, and also for Vail.

LOUIS W. GWIN
National Commander

This space is contributed to the CBIVA by Ex-CBI Roundup as a service to the many readers who are members of the Assn., of which Roundup is the official publication. It is important to remember that CBIVA and Roundup are entirely separate organizations. Your subscription to Roundup does not entitle you to membership in CBIVA, nor does your membership in CBIVA entitle you to a subscription to Roundup. You need not be a member of CBIVA in order to subscribe to Roundup or vice versa.—Ed.



RACE TRACK at Shillong, Assam, a "rest camp town" for American personnel. Photo from John A. Simmerl.

CBI Activities

● Have been a member of the CBI organization for years and consider being a member an honor. I look forward to receiving Round-up each month, and look for it as I walk in the front door. I was at the Des Moines reunion last year; it was my first reunion, but believe me it won't be the last! I never had such a good time and was amazed at all the surprises they had planned. So I hope all CBIVA members and their families will be at Vail, Colo., this year. I'm sure that everyone will have a joyous time, since it is a resort town. Incidentally, the February 1969 issue of Sunset, "The Magazine of Western Living," published in Menlo Park, Calif., had pictures and an article on Vail. It gives the complete story on Vail, and I'm sure CBIers would enjoy it.

A. ANGSTENBERGER,
LaPuente, Calif.

Anderson Honored

● Col. William A. Anderson, a CBI veteran, was recently awarded the Legion of Merit for his work as base civil engineer, Lackland Military Training Center, and as commander of the 3700th Civil Engineer Group, Lackland Air Force Base, Texas, from August 20, 1966, to August 1, 1968. While stationed at Lackland, he supervised the construction of a \$26 million building project. Colonel Anderson has been a military engineer for more than 28 years. During World War II he helped supervise the construction of roads in the China-Burma-India Theater. Other overseas assignments have included tours of duty in Spain, Brazil and Greece. Colonel Anderson is now stationed at West Tapao Airfield 100 miles south of Bangkok, Thailand.

(From an item in the Irondequoit, N.Y., Press submitted by E. J. Bernard, Rochester, N.Y.)

MAY, 1969

Nathan Glazier

● Nathan Glazier of North Miami, Fla., died in March of this year. He was an officer in the 502nd M.P. Battalion, serving six months in the States and 2½ years in India.

WM. H. ADAM,
Audubon, N.J.

Amelio Catelani

● Amelio (Dusty) Catelani, 55, of New Castle, Pa., died March 31, 1969, after a brief illness. He was born in Acton, West Canada, and had been married for 30 years to the former Josephine Cocha. He was employed as a high-lift operator at the Shenango Ceramics Division of Interpace, Inc. A veteran of World War II, he served in the CBI Theater with the 512th Medical Company. He was a member of the Fraternal Order of Eagles, and a former vice commander of VFW Post 315. He was also a charter member of the Mahoning Valley Basha, CBIVA, in Youngstown, Ohio.

(From a newspaper clipping submitted by Ethel Yavorsky, Poland, Ohio).

Russell E. Wood, Sr.

● Russell E. Wood, Sr., 57, of Kensington, Ohio, died March 1, 1969, at St. Vincent Charity Hospital in Cleveland of complications resulting from open heart surgery conducted Jan. 17. He was a lifelong resident of the area, and was employed at the Tarnsue and Williams Steel Forging in Alliance. During World War II he served in the China-Burma-India Theater with the 25th Field Hospital. Survivors include his wife, a daughter, two sons and a grandchild.

(From a newspaper clipping submitted by Eva M. Taylor, R.N., Alliance, Ohio).

Francis Stone

● Francis Stone, a CBI veteran who was a member of Company C, 502nd M.P. Battalion in CBI, died recently in the Veterans Hospital at Wilkes-Barre, Pa. His home was Starrucca, Pa. He served six months in Mississippi and 2½ years in India.

WM. H. ADAM,
Audubon, N.J.



CHECKING replacement parts in China are Pfc. Charles Spotts, Glen Mills, Pa., center, and Pfc. Lester Varnes, Toledo, Ohio, as Chinese soldier looks on. Both were members of a pipeline company operating the distribution system at the end of the world's longest military supply line to bases east of Kunming, China. Photo from Mrs. Wilfrid Hibbert.

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